CRITICAL REVIEWS OF THE SEASON'S LATEST BOOKS

Winston Churchill Tells What's Wrong With Churches
"Wilsam "a Tale of Rural England.

Books That Deal With Many Lands Mr Street's Vivid Pictures of Broadway by Night.

Fiction by English and Americans Vacation Camping and Other Subjects of Useful Information.

In his long novel for this year, "The Inside of the Cup" (Macmillans) Winston Churchill undertakes to expound the gospel of humanity and to demonstrate what is wrong with the churches. He is eloquent and vigorous and he presents opposing opinions with fairness and clearness. With much that he says many good people will agree, as well as with his evident desire to better existing conditions. Laudable as his object is so long as he has chosen to put it in the form of fiction it is with the literary merits of his book that the critic must deal and not with the soundness of his argument.

The conditions and the difficulties he describes are so general that it will be impossible to identify the city in which he places them; they will apply to any fairly large town old enough to have grown out of its bounds. Fashion and wealth have drifted away from their old homes; poverty, with its attendant meannesses, has crept into them, and only the church calls back once a week the deserters to the places they have left behind. The minister has become a congregation that is wholly out of touch with the people who live around him; the church is prosperous financially, for its members are rich, but he finds that he makes little impression on his hearers and none on their children or on the people outside. What is to be done? That is a question that many ministers and more laymen are asking themselves now, and Mr. Churchill has every right to discuss it. His hero is more satisfactory as a debater than as a man. It is hard to believe that in a long pastorate in a manufacturing town he should have been blind to the social problems that disturb him here. It seems strange, too, that one who has yielded so unintelligently to authority for so long a time should be so readily open to conviction when the time comes. He is merely a stalking horse for the ideas Mr. Churchill wishes to propound and must be converted to social service; the conversion is much too clumsy. The young woman to whom he becomes attached likewise is a clever counterfoil, but is far more argumentative than human.

The episodes in the story are managed much better. These also are mainly arguments, but there is some life to the women the clergyman argues with. The old gentleman who lives in the slums is charming, but why do his friends abandon him? The men on the church board are amusing. The rich man who thinks he owns the church is true to life; it is a pity he should turn into a symbol for ill earned wealth and power. So it runs throughout the book, an interesting person attracts the reader's attention and as soon as he has done that is made the vehicle for a long argument.

As a writer of stories Mr. Churchill has done better than this. With his desire to bring religion into the ordinary actions of daily life every one must sympathize, though many of the arguments he employs to urge his reforms may seem doubtful. His demonstration of why the poor remain untouched by organized philanthropy and settlement work is forcible. His book is certainly readable; but will it be read by novel readers?

A Tale of Rural Misfortune.

In the writing of "Wilsam" (Macmillans) S. C. Nethersole is purposely intense, as is shown by peculiar condensations in the language, by the breaks in the narrative so that it may be presented from different points of view, and by the impression of impending evil even when it is not called for. This rather spoils a well written story, which is very good and interesting in parts, because fate, or heredity, or whatever it is the author has in mind, keeps interfering with the ordinary course of events and the reader comes to feel that the misfortunes of the heroine are visited upon her merely to gratify the author's artistic taste.

We can see no sufficient reason, for instance, for the casting up by the sea of the infant heroine at the feet of her insane aunt, a fancy that gives the title to the book and seems to haunt the author, nor for the ignoble intrigue that connects them. The life on the Kentish farm while she grows up is interesting and the love of the old farmer for the woman he cannot marry is fine; the catastrophe is dramatic. Why this man, the finest character in the book, should be described as stingy and tyrannical, when nothing in his behavior betrays this we cannot make out.

The growing passion of the farmer for his crops is well described, and the drifting apart of husband and wife. The actual murder of the child, on the other hand, is not explained, except as a means of heaping agony on the wife. That she is often happy is clear, but the author prefers to skip those periods. There are carefully drawn characters in the book, fine descriptions of nature, good bits of human nature all the material for an excellent story, but there is also a deficiency in the sense of proportion, a desire to visit certain punishment on slight faults or no faults at all, that arouses a feeling of superiority rather than of awe. The story is readable, and parts of it are very well done.

Many Lands.

The experiences of a young Englishman who tried to make his way in new countries without much money, are related in Ralph Stock's "Confessions of a Tenderfoot" (Henry Holt and Company). It is a sincere and good humored narrative, for the author never grows bitter against the buffets of fortune he tells what happened to him, acknowledging his mistakes and even accepting more than his share of the blame when things go wrong. He wanders from within the British Empire, tries ranching in the Canadian Northwest, working in a lumber camp in British Columbia, a restful spell in Fiji, an attempt to get a foothold in New South Wales, ending with some measure of success raising pineapples in Queensland. In the intervals he was often a tramp and in the cities he was usually penniless, throughout he carried his camera with him and took photographs, thus gaining his livelihood occasionally and obtaining the material with which to illustrate this book. The experiences are such as any young fellow starting out by himself may encounter; they are told simply and naturally, with no striving for effect, so that the book is extremely interesting and entertaining.

While the modern admiration for the open road and impressionistic descriptions of scenery are all well enough in their way and do lend a certain charm to Edward Thomas's "The Icknield Way" (E. P. Dutton and Company), they are extremely confusing in a work of topographical research which calls for close attention. The road the author has chosen to investigate is one of the ancient highways from the east to the west of England. He has read all the authorities, and as he does not wish to be dogmatic leaves his readers in greater doubt than need be as to what may be believed or not; in compensation he expatiates on the pleasure of tramping and the joys of the open road. The main portion of the book is taken up with the account of his journey on foot in search of the Icknield way, which is rather spoiled as an open air book by the topographical details he enters into, and as an antiquarian investigation by the multitude of personal digressions and rhapsodies and the reluctance to decide on the evidence. To be intelligible the book should be accompanied by a special large scale map; the fragment of the route put down is wholly inadequate and the many pictures do not make up for the omission. It will be hard reading for either class of readers that it will attract.

In planning the guide book which he calls "Finding the Worth While in Europe" (McBride, Nast and Company) Albert B. Osborne has had in mind the things to be seen that are unlike those at home. He skips museums and galleries and the ordinary sights and seeks out picturesque places and buildings in town and country that ordinary travellers are very likely to miss. The book presents a new point of view to intending travellers; the chief faults to be found with it are that one small volume includes the whole of Europe and the tables showing the number of days required to see it all. These are concessions to the common spirit of haste, which the author's book, if it has any meaning, is intended to counteract. It is futile to say "don't hurry" and then to show how you may. The photographs are good and interesting.

In two of the papers included in Julian Street's "Welcome to Our City" (John Lane Company) the author describes vividly, in the most recent vocabulary, the impression the gay life of New York makes on the outsider and shows a competent acquaintance with eating places. The two other papers deal with life behind the scenes and with the craze for public dancing. The illustrations are by J. Montgomery Flagg and Wallace Morgan.

A guide to travel by the ordinary conveyances has been written by Arthur Stanley Riggs in "France From Sea to Sea" (McBride, Nast and Company). The author's journey begins at Boulogne, it is continued along the east to the Riviera, then across country to the Pyrenees, and north through western France to Brittany and Normandy, winding up in Paris; a journey which others may make in his track if they find it convenient. The book combines personal experiences of all sorts with bits of historical information, and with visits to some places off the beaten track as well as many that are well known. The practical omission of Paris enables the author to find room for many other places of interest. His tone is very enthusiastic; it is possible that in some cases those whom he conducts may not wholly share his admiration. Any book, however, that turns the traveller to the France outside of Paris is rendering good service.

Some New Fiction.

Whatever part of the country Juliet Wilbor Tompkins hails from, New England has set her teeth on edge, as she shows very amusingly in "Ever After" (Doubleday, Page and Company). Her heroine is descended from thrifty ancestors; she is full of generous impulses which she carries out, and at the same time cannot refrain from ridiculous small economies. She falls in love with a noble product of the Pacific coast and speedily marries him, but he is as open handed as she is penurious. Their married life comes to a disastrous break, but they luckily love each other deeply enough to come together again. The description of Boston people and Boston ways is very funny, but the author does not play fair in making her California spendthrift reform and develop sense; he should have been as incorrigible as his wife. The artist colony is fairly interesting, but we do not care much for the musical prodigy.

A pretty story is told very entertainingly by Mary Openshaw in "Little Grey Girl" (G. W. Dillingham Company). The narrator is a small Quaker girl, and the tale of her bringing up in a manufacturing town and later in a lovely garden is charming. She has the trick of speaking the truth in a rather startling manner, and does this on frequent occasions to the embarrassment of friends and foes. The latter portion of the story is pretty melodramatic, and the French villain is quite absurd. It takes the young heroine to Paris at the time of the fall of Napoleon III., a needless historical digression which matters little, for the reader's interest is in the girl and her queer adventures. There are some pleasant people in this enjoyable story.

Five short stories, which Mrs. Belloc Lowndes calls "Studies in Love and Terror" (Charles Scribner's Sons), are written well and carefully, but are morbidly unpleasant; they are rather tales of horror and illicit passion. The first describes the efforts of a French official to conceal the fact that his wife was on board a sunken submarine; two are disagreeable tales of adultery, one of the concealment of a maniac's attempt at murder. The last describes the awakening of a wooden Englishman to the feelings and behavior demanded of a lover. It is art misapplied.

Apparently "April Panhasard," by Muriel Hine (John Lane Company), is a protest against the iniquity of the English divorce law. The reader will not suspect this at first, for the story opens as an airy, delightful idyl, with the flight of the heroine, at random, to a lovely English village and very pleasant people. A charming young fellow assists her and a manly little boy meets her; the tone is of the lightest comedy and the reader will not forgive the author for making the one turn bad and for killing the other. It matters less that the heroine should fall again into the hands of a husband suffering from delirium tremens, or that it is impossible to explain the morals of the boy's mother. The author is kind in describing a manly American, though she makes him speak a language no American will recognize. The lesson seems to be that in England every prospect pleases and every man is vile.

Now it is Ethel Watts Mumford who shows what she can do with a mystery story in "Out of the Ashes" (Moffat, Yard and Company). She has contrived a very ingenious murder, the perpetrator of which is discovered all too soon by an excessively knowing detective. The murder, however, is only an incident in the love chase of an eminent financier after the lovely matron who has blackmailed him. Why that foible should be indulged in by a virtuous society woman, why it should attract the man, why she should be driven frantic by terror, or why he should hate the unfortunate man who is killed, the author does not make clear. That hardly matters, however, for she has written her mystery tale like every other writer of her generation, and it is readable.

Out of the simplest materials Marie Van Vorst has constructed a pleasant, if saccharine, tale in "His Love Story" (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis), a tale clearly intended for summer reading. There is a gallant, but shy, French officer; there is an attractive American girl; there is a preternaturally intelligent little dog. They meet in Provence; he is sent to Algeria and falls into the hands of the Arabs; she sends a friend to rescue him. There is another couple of lovers and a double wedding. It is told gracefully and will please young girls, for French officers will hardly read it. If they do they will find no fault with the author's love for France.

The reasons are not apparent which make Oliver Kent discriminate between two depraved women in "Her Right Divine" (George W. Dillingham Company); one he admires and lauds, the other he holds up to contempt, though both yield to their lower passions in the same vulgar manner.

Ethnographic Feminism.

That a doctor of philosophy may also be a woman is amply demonstrated by Elsie Clews Parsons, Ph. D., in "The Old Fashioned Woman" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), a book that will arouse the wrath of the new woman against her oppressor and will amuse every one who has some knowledge of ethnography. What Mrs. Parsons has done has been to divide the life of woman from her creation to her death and after into its important periods, and under each to record the manner in which she has been treated and regarded by the various peoples of the earth, chiefly the primitive tribes that the ethnographers treat of; an absolutely correct scientific arrangement.

It is a selection only from a vast literature, as is natural, but no man can deny that it is a fair one. The reading will cause the blood of many women to boil, even if they are not advocates of the suffrage and other things that their sisters ask for, though the students of ethnography and anthropology, of whom Mrs. Parsons is one, will be able to advance good reasons for the existence of customs that seem strange or reprehensible. Interspersed are comparisons with existing American customs, sometimes absolutely apposite, sometimes a bit misleading, but always telling. To the mere onlooker these are great fun. The author leaves her array of facts with her comparisons to tell the story. Only rarely in the text and in the few notes does she betray her feelings. It is a bright and effective attack on the stronger sex, which it will be difficult to answer, as the accusation does not lie in the facts but in the inferences drawn from them, which the author takes care not to put in words.

Other Books.

A little girl with precocious and remarkable artistic talent has been discovered in England in Daphne Allen, now 12 years of age, a selection of whose sketches appears in "A Child's Visions" (George Allen and Company; E. P. Dutton and Company). Drawn by an older person the drawings would be considered clever, by a child they are astonishing. Very little information is supplied regarding her and her bringing up beyond the statement that she tried to draw the Crucifixion at the age of 3 years and that many of her sketches are religious. Only these are shown in this collection, and to each an appropriate poetical extract is affixed, probably by a mature friend. It is conceivable that surroundings of the Ruskin taste in art, Fra Angelico angels and Italian Primitives may have had a strong influence on the child; the originals of many of the compositions, we fancy, may be found among them. It may be that her friends are making too much of the idea of religious inspiration. The sketches, in line and in color, are all charming, at any rate, and the compositions are interesting.

A curious and patient study of the war records has been made by Charles C. Anderson to demonstrate that a large number of men of Southern birth fought on the Union side. In "Fighting by Southern Federals" (The Neale Publishing Company) he takes the many officers of the rank of General and shows what they did; first, in a minute chronological account of all the actions in the war, which takes up half the volume, and next in an alphabetical list, which gives each man's record. The most interesting portion of the book, nevertheless, is the first three pages, where the figures are given for the rank and file.

In "Money-Changing" (E. P. Dutton and Company) Hartley Withers has written a book that may serve as a modern equivalent for Bagehot's "Lombard Street." Besides the explanation of the business and processes for the exchange of money he gives a lurid account of the many commercial transactions that are involved. The book is very readable; it should clear up confused ideas in the mind of the general public, as well as instruct the student of economics.

A new and interesting volume has been added to the "Wisdom of the East" series in the translation of Kaibara Ekken's "The Way of Contentment," by Ken Hoshino. In an excellent introduction the translator gives an account of the Japanese philosopher and of the importance of his work. The series is published by E. P. Dutton and Company.

Sir Oliver Lodge, who has attained high distinction in the world of science, has attracted attention of late years by his readiness to express his opinions on many subjects that have nothing in common with his specialty. A collection of his popular articles, published under the title "Modern Problems" (Hodder and Stoughton; George H. Doran Company), shows the wide range of matters on which he has had something to say. Time, war, woman, free will, Bergson's philosophy, money, charity organization, drink, the smoke nuisance, are some of the things he has thought about.

The full report of the "Memorial Service" held by the Republican Club of the city of New York in honor of the late Vice-President James Schoolcraft Sherman has been published (the Republican Club of the City of New York). It contains the addresses delivered by Senators Root and Depew and other gentlemen and a portrait of Mr. Sherman.

Much pondering on the matter has led Henry Albert Phillips to believe that the "short story" is a thing apart in literature and the "plot" something tangible that may be dissected. In this he is not alone, for a whole school of analysts among the teachers of composition is threshing the same straw. In "The Plot of the Short Story" (the Stanhope-Dodge Publishing Company, Larchmont, N. Y.) he explains the mechanism of devising and working out a plot, as he understands it, and exemplifies it by a story of his own built according to his scheme.

Though some general directions about delivery may be found in Edwin Gordon Lawrence's "How to Master the Spoken Word" (A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago), the book is made up chiefly of comments on public speakers and of long extracts from celebrated orations which appeal to the author. Among these are Mr. Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech and Mr. Roosevelt's inaugural address.

Useful Information.

With the approach of the vacation season the appearance of Frederic M. Hanford's "The Dry-Fly Man's Handbook" (George Routledge and Sons; E. P. Dutton and Company), is decidedly timely. It is a very complete manual, for the author, who has long been a contributor to *The Field*, treats not only of rods and gear and other matters of import to fishers for trout, but also of the making of a fishery and the artificial propagation of fish. The main portion of the book, however, is devoted to the "fisherman's entomology," a description of the flies that attract trout, illustrated with beautiful plates. There are many good pictures of fish and some splendid photogravures of scenery. It is a book for the library as well as a help to the fisherman.

A further incentive for the independent sex to do without man is furnished by Jeannette Marks in "Vacation Camping for Girls (Appletons). The directions, of course, are in substance such as might be set before male campers as well, but there are some subtle refinements. It is interesting to note how soon the author plunges into cooking. She wisely reserves her exhortations to the outdoor life and her enumeration of its delights until the practical details have been attended to.

If Henry Rankin Poore in "The New Tendency in Art" (Doubleday, Page and Company) had taken as much pains to explain what cubism and futurism are driving at as he has with post-impressionism he would have relieved a suffering public which is pretty sure that it is being humbugged. He contents himself with the expression of opinions, with reference to others as much in the dark as himself. The post-impressionists, however, are far enough in the past for him to have formed some idea of what they were striving after, and of them the reader may learn something from the little book. More helpful even are the illustrations, which are selected with great fairness. They give some idea of the output, from which the reader may form a judgment in so far as that is possible when the coloring is left out.

That it is a serious and solemn business to keep Americans entertained is evident from the appearance of books like "The Art of Entertainment" by Madame Merri (F. G. Browne and Company, Chicago). The games and other forms of amusement are arranged according to the calendar, some are suited to special days, some to the season of the year, but more are thrown in to fill up. At the end are grouped formulas for enjoyment at birthdays, engagement announcements, church festivals and miscellaneous occasions; they all read rather sadly, but no doubt if entered into with spirit will keep a company busy and amused. The book gives helpful suggestions to women who are harrassed by the burden of keeping their guests entertained.

Books Received.

"The American Business Encyclopedia and Legal Adviser." 5 Vols. Edited by John D. Long and William P. Wilson. (J. B. Millet Company, Boston.)

"Changing Russia." Stephen Graham. (John Lane Company.)

"Pickett and His Men." La Salle Corbett Pickett. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"Le Vrai Rodin." Gustave Coquiot. (Jules Tallandier, Paris.)

"Letters and Character Sketches from the House of Commons." Sir Richard Temple, Bart. (John Murray, E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"The Baconian Heresy." J. M. Robertson. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"The Mystic Way." Evelyn Underhill. (J. M. Dent and Sons; E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"Personality." F. B. Jevons. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Getting Together." James Morris Whiton, Ph. D. (Sturgis and Walton Company.)

"Knowledge and Life." William Arkwright. (John Lane Company.)

"Strenica." W. Compton Leith. (John Lane Company.)

"A Plea for the Younger Generation." Cosmo Hamilton. (George H. Doran Company.)

"Fishing with Floating Flies." Samuel G. Camp. (Outing Publishing Company.)

"Suburban Gardens." Grace Tabor. (Outing Publishing Company.)

"The Son of a Servant." August Strindberg, translated by Claud Field. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Stop and Think." Allard Memminger, M. D. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)

"Women and Other Enigmas." (Richard G. Badger.)

"Elementary School Standards." Frank M. McMurry, Ph. D. (World Book Company, Yonkers, N. Y.)

"An Unknown Lover." Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Perrot and Company." Harold Macgrath. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

"Les Entrevees." Noel Frances. (Bloudet Compagnie, Paris.)

"A First Year in Bookkeeping and Accounting." George A. MacFarland and Irving D. Rossheim. (Appletons.)

"Philip of Texas." James Otis. (American Book Company.)

"Judas." Harry Kemp. (Mitchell Kennerly, New York.)

"Deborah." Cuscelles Abercrombie. (John Lane Company.)

"Poems." Adolph Newman. (Adolph Newman, Buffalo, N. Y.)

"The Snow-shoe Trail." Isaac Rusling Pennypacker. (Christopher Sower Company, Philadelphia.)

"Poems." John T. Leckfidier. (Richard G. Badger.)

"Flowers of Fancy." Mary C. Burke. (Richard G. Badger.)

"Poems." Bessie Q. Jordan. (Richard G. Badger.)

AUTHOR OF "WILSAM" KENTISH FARMER GIRL

A number of the reviews of the much discussed new novel "Wilsam" refer to the author, S. C. Nethersole, as a man. As a matter of fact she is a woman, as should easily be deduced from internal evidence, as the book is written from a strikingly feminine point of view.

Miss Nethersole, who has sprung into sudden prominence with her story of southeastern England, was reared in an old farmhouse, Crixhall Court, situated between the villages of Goodnestone and Staple, five miles from the ancient town of Sandwich in the County of Kent. Her family have owned land in Kent since the twelfth century, many of her ancestors having been farmers or students of agriculture, and the author displays an intimate knowledge of that part of rural England; some of the best descriptions in the book and some of the liveliest incidents are centred around farm life and farm customs. Her father and her brothers—she is one of nine children—have at various times been active farmers.

While "Wilsam" is Miss Nethersole's first novel to gain wide attention in this country it is not her first work; she has written many stories and articles for magazines and newspapers, and two novels, one published in 1909 and one in 1911. She acknowledges a preference for the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, though she prefers essays to novels, notably those of Bacon, Hazlitt and Emerson. Her favorite pursuit is collecting old china and books, particularly as regards the latter, the old histories and folk lore of Kent; that is, she adds naively, they would be her favorite pursuits if she had the money to foster them.

At the dinner given in the Woolworth Building to the architect, Cass Gilbert, William Winter read a speech and poem to "The Artist." A part of the poem is here printed:

WHERE once Zenobia's bastions rose
The wind that stirs the desert sand
Now softly sighs and sadly blows
O'er Tadmor's desolated land;—
The dirge for life and glory fled,
The requiem for centuries dead.

The towers of Troy are sunk in tears,
The golden domes of Tyre are gone,
And only wandering echo hears
The vagrant name of Babylon;
And ravens flit and serpents hiss
O'er what was once Persepolis.

Yet always the aspiring Soul,—
The Angel in the mortal clod,
The Vision that defies control,—
Will look through Nature up to God,
And strive, in word and form, to speak
The beauty it was born to seek.

As well beneath Columbia's skies
As on Athena's sacred height
A stately Parthenon can rise,
Minerva's temple leap to light—
A thing of wonder and of praise,
In modern as in ancient days.

And not in vain, from age to age,
In forms of grandeur and of grace,
Is writ on more than History's page
The progress of the human race—
The rise of mind and feeling, shown
In golden poems made of stone.